

SOUTHERN PATRIOT.

MARTIN & KENDRICK,

"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT, THEN GO A-HEAD."—Crockett.

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Proprietors.

NO 12

POLITICAL

From the Columbus Democrat.

Mr. Editor.—On my return home from the country last evening, I was informed by several gentlemen that Wm. L. Harris in his speech at the Court House yesterday of four and a half hours in length, amongst other subterfuges, to enable him to escape the scathing lash of Wm. T. S. Barry, (who gave him a few stripes at Nashville on Saturday last, and who was prepared to reply to and lash him again yesterday) made an assault as unjust and vituperative, as it was ungentlemanly upon a certain preamble and set of resolutions which I had the pleasure of introducing before the Democratic County Convention, on Saturday last, which preamble and resolutions met my most cordial approbation. Amongst other denunciations, against this preamble and these resolutions, I understand he pronounced them false, scandalous, treacherous, infamous, &c., and without an attempt to refute, or disprove one of the positions assumed in said resolutions he proceeded with all the anathemas of abuse of which his rich vocabulary is stored, (with dew drops of honey on his lips, and a fountain in his heart, filled with the poison of asps) proceeded to pronounce judgment against the author and abettors in getting them up. He asserted, as I learn that the party, or parties getting up these resolutions must be renegades from whiggery, and that they would, at the great day of final accounts, if not before, be branded as sinners, liars, calumniators &c., or words bearing this import. Now Mr. Editor, the author and introducer of these preamble and these resolutions are neither renegade whigs nor Nullifiers, but are good and true democrats they are not renegades from Nullification in 1833, 4 and 5, to get rid of the Tariff of 1828, to the coon-skin and cider barrel party of 1840, who were a large majority of them, in favor of the Tariff of 1828, they are not the apologetists for, but the open and avowed opponents of the obnoxious Tariff of 1842; they are not the wretched, advocates of the revenue tariff of 1846, because it is popular, and to curry popular favor, but they are the avowed, open, and warm advocates upon principle of the Tariff act of 1846. I suppose if Mr. Harris should be elected to Congress, judging from what I have heard said of his speech yesterday, his first act would be, if possible, to get the old Federal sedition law revived or re-enacted, by which all those who had the hardihood or independence to oppose this no-party, non-committal, administration, affiliated as it is with free soilers and abolitionists, fined and imprisoned, and perhaps exported beyond seas, and his oily tongue, sweet lipped, consistent politician Wm. L. Harris would be made the chief executioner under it. JAMES WHITFIELD, Columbus, August 17th. 1849.

Gen. Taylor's Reception & Speech at Baltimore.

It would appear from the account given in the Argus and Republican, that Gen. Taylor's reception at Baltimore was not remarkably cordial nor brilliant. But comparatively few persons awaited his arrival at the depot, and not a very numerous crowd attended him to the hotel, or listened to his interesting speech after his arrival. The Argus says:

On reaching the hotel, he passed up quietly and rapidly to his apartments, which were watchfully guarded by officer Ridgely, ingress being refused to any but the suite and a few of the distinguished. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes about 250 persons assembled in front of the hotel, and his Excellency, having in the meantime refreshed himself, came down, under the escort of Z. Collins Lee, Esq., and addressed the large gathering from the portico. After taking off his hat, which he held in his right hand, his left clenching the iron railing, then adjusting a pair of gold spectacles over his forehead, and bowing to the auditory, who emitted a few sickly cheers akin to the chirpings of a brood of chickens with the pip, Gen. Taylor spoke word for word, as follows:

"I thank you, citizens of Baltimore

It affords me pleasure—gratification, to meet so goodly a number of my friends on this occasion. The cholera is now lingering around us; and although I have no apprehensions from the disease, I feared that the gathering together of crowds of persons might bring on the disease; and being anxious to keep off the disease, although I don't fear it myself, yet I thought it prudent to avoid any public demonstrations that might tend to increase the disease. [Here he convulsively grasped the railing.] On my way north, in passing, I thought I'd stop here to night, and go along in the morning. [A pause.] On my return, I shall be happy to meet the citizens of Baltimore, and take as many of them by the hand as I can. [Here he rubbed his forehead.] But I thought it better to avoid bringing together any crowds on my way, as the disease might be thereby increased, and I should afterwards reproach myself with being the cause."

Here the "Second Washington" signified the close of his speech by putting on his hat, and then turning abruptly away, a faint cheer caught up the dying echo of the last word, "cause." The General then retired to his apartment, to enjoy some repose after this tremendous intellectual effort, and in a few minutes the area in front of the hotel was vacant.

Letter of Gen. Cass.

We publish in this week's paper to the exclusion of much other matter, the excellent letter of Gen. Cass to Thos. Ritchie, and bespeak for it a careful and attentive perusal.—It is a lucid, manly, and independent exposition of the views and sentiments of patriotic statesmen, and fully and ably dispels the vile misrepresentations which have been propagated by his enemies, in regard to his opinions on the subject of internal improvement by the General Government, a Tariff for Revenue, Wilnot Proviso or Slavery in the Territories. On all these important public questions, Gen. Cass reiterates his former statements, and maintains the policy heretofore pursued and advocated by the Democratic party.—He forcibly advocates the non-interference of Congress, with the question of slavery in the Territories; and proves beyond controversy, that the views which he propounds on this subject are such alone as can be assumed or maintained with reason, justice, or propriety under the Constitution. The ground which he assumes, and so ably advocates, is such, as every friend to the South can cheerfully conquer in; and will insure to him a universal feeling of attachment from this section of the Union.

When calmly and dispassionately reflect on the result of the last Presidential election, and the consequence to the South which is likely to follow we cannot but deplore the defeat of this sound and consistent statesman. Had the choice of the people fallen upon him, the South would have but little to fear from the insidious attacks of the abolition fanatics of the North. Had such been the result they would not have been encouraged as they now are, by seeing at the head of the Government, such men as Fillmore, Ewing, Collamer, Clayton and Merrideth, all notoriously opposed to the Southern question, and ready, should an opportunity present itself, to exercise their influence in favor of these fanatics, in any measure that may have a bearing on Southern interest. We hope the South will learn wisdom from the past, and sustain in future that candidate for their suffrage who openly avows his political sentiments and declares his determination to be guided and controlled in his public acts, by the high behests of the Constitution, despite of party factions.—Observer.

The President's Proclamation

Our readers, doubtless, have read the Proclamation of President Taylor against supposed movements in the United States to aid the Cubans to throw off the tyranny under which they groan, with no little surprise.—If such a Proclamation had appeared forbidding the citizens of the United

States to aid the Canadians in their scheme of annexation to the United States, there would have been no cause for wonder; for we do not doubt the truth of the assertion, that the chief agitators of that scheme of rebellion against one of the mildest and most beneficent Governments are from the United States; whilst past experience proves that there are thousands ready to co-operate all along our Northern frontier to force such a result by sword. Or if expeditions to Hungary had been denounced, this would have some ground of justification from movements openly made in many of our Northern cities. But when and where has there been any demonstration on the part of our citizens to aid in revolutionizing Cuba? Open demonstrations to aid the Canadians and Hungarians are passed by unrebuked; but suppositious certainly not public, manifestations by our citizens to aid the Cubans, is forthwith made the subject of denunciation by this truly Southern Administration. Although, in this city there has transpired nothing to justify the Proclamation of President Taylor, and it looks therefore, now that the Southern elections are over, very like a small effort to gain popularity at the North, whither he is now moving on his tour, we sincerely hope there is good ground for this most extraordinary proceeding.—Never was there a poor people more oppressed than the unfortunate inhabitants of Cuba. They are not only compelled to support an army for their subjection, but the and corrupt monarchy of old Spain lives by the money extorted from them. The taxes wrung from them annually would long since have crushed them, but for their energy, and the unequal richness fertility of their wonderful and beautiful country. Twenty millions of dollars a year are exacted by the Government from some three hundred thousand people.—And what a Government! The despotism of Russia or Turkey is beneficence itself compared to it. Should a people so situated rise to vindicate their rights, and draw their swords for independence, there is not a heart in the broad South, not a friend to her institutions, but will burn with sympathetic ardor in their cause. President Taylor may put forth his Proclamations, and use or abuse his high office to trundle to Northern fanaticism, and to repress any generous sympathy, or more efficient support in the shape of men and bayonets, to aid in such a struggle, but his edicts will be in vain. He will have to establish here a tyranny as despotic as that which exists in Cuba, before he can hinder an American citizen from going where he pleases to fight for an oppressed people against their oppressors. Thousands of our gallant sons will go to that glorious island to rescue it from Spanish or Negro domination if called on by the people of Cuba. They will not allow this garden spot of the world—this Key of the Gulf of Mexico—this Gate of Mississippi river—more important to the South, and the great Valley of the West than all the Middle States, and Northern to boot—to fall under their control inimical to their interests. In despite of the Buffalo platform, which Mr. Webster asserts to genuine Whiggery, declaring that no more Slave States shall be added to this Union. they will place another star in our flag, among the brightest of them all, and make it there to shine forever. The frowns of a weak, and already prostrated administration—the opposition of Southern traitors, in or out of Congress—the cries of Northern aspirants to power by a Northern predominance, or of furious fanatics, poisoned, like the rattlesnake in August, by their own venom, will not avert the onward march of events. Cuba will be a part of these Southern States—and of these United States. But we forbear speculating upon a subject, on which we fear the administration is only speculating. We hope the whole is but the puffing of a broken bellows, to fill its flagging and flapping sails with Northern breeze.

He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive

From the Washington Union.

We had a dream the other night—and such a dream I had we drank milk punch with our breakfast with the Premier, or had we taken a good pull at the halliards with the man of war in the middle of the day or had we taken pot luck with him whose business it is to see that Indians are as good as white folks any day, we might have accounted for it; but no, we dreamed without a cause and with an empty demijon. We dreamed that we were upon the dome of the Capitol with the sages of '76, who had stepped out of the pictures in the rotunda, and congregated around the great and good Washington, like the children around a kind and beloved father. And while we stood there the whole Union, wild land and all, like Donivan's panorama, passed before our eyes.—It commenced with 1781; and as it began with the district of Maine, a province of Massachusetts, and gradually unfolded the old thirteen it was a pleasant sight to behold the countenance of our own Washington. Then there were negro slaves on the banks of the Merrimac, the Charles, and the Connecticut, and the banjo was heard at the corn-husking, and the tune of Clar de Kitchen ascended from the farmers' neat mansions in the valleys of the Willamette and the Housatonic. Then the North sold to the South the slave labor, and the planter reclaimed his swampy land from the encroaching flood without fear of fevers or alligators. Then the Connecticut deacon imported *Saucho* in exchange for a mule, or a rum-hogs-head ready made, and sold him to the gay planter on the Pedee, who paid for him in tobacco, and all peace and quietness. The New England man and the South Carolinian turn in their bloody shrouds at Eutaw and Camden, and as they fought they died—side and side for liberty. It was a fresh picture—an Eden-like land, where the foot of civilization had made its footprints few and far between, and where the red savage slept in his wigwam in the woods and the pioneer white man built his rude cabin by the dam of the beaver and the haunt of the fallow deer.

Time, which knows no law, kept slipping, away from beneath our feet and the country from a land of hamlets and forests, bristled with towns and cities. Sectional feelings began to show themselves in acts. A war between black wool and white wool of the most deadly character was waged; and the land of the pilgrims that was the first to introduce slaves, and whose fathers sold the Indian Kings of Bristol and Pokanoket to the Spaniards in Cuba, after having got rid of their importations of human flesh, damned the South all up in a heap for being slave owners, and went to spinning cotton raised by those very slaves by the white labor, and grumbled the louder as they made the more money. While England, the old hypocrite who gave us the blessing of *negroism* in our provincial state, after enslaving all of India that she could get, and after giving Ireland arsenic and a dog-collar in exchange for her Parliament and liberty, pushed on the Puritan on a point of conscience to make a civil war with the cavalier, so that she might make a grab at the middle States, and repair damages by stragling liberty on her own eagle's nest forever. At this moment the benevolent Washington started, and with a frown upon his brow, pointed to this sectional controversy, and said, "Did I not warn you of this evil? Did I not—just then the Second Washington and his suite came galloping up the avenue, with Joshua R. Giddings and Truman Smith beside him, blowing peens of anti-angelic music upon rams' horns and cut short the sentence of the illustrious Father. We turned, and the forms of the venerable men faded slowly away from our view; and in the place of the goodlike man we saw Thomas Ewing with a headman's axe, and Fitz Henry Warren with a bright cleaver, endeavoring to head Liberty, who was dressed in short petticoats, and wore an abominable sack. Liberty streaked it. Ewing pulled foot, like one who could hold out all day on an Indian

trot, while Warren leaped after her like a kangaroo. Just as the door were about to catch the glowing goddess, we awoke—we had fallen asleep with Truman Smith's secret circular upon our breast—and lo! it was all a dream.

Well, so much for splits said we. The democratic party have suffered itself to be served by the machinations of the world, the flesh, and the Devil, in the form and perdition comeliness of the "HEROIC AGE."

Who'll turn the Grindstone.

When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he, "will you let me grind an axe on it? Pleased with his compliment of 'fine little fellow,' 'O, yes, sir,' I answered, 'it is down in the shop.' 'And will you, my man,' said he, patting me on the head, 'get me a little hot water? How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full. 'How old are you, and what's your name?' continued he, without waiting for a reply. 'I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?' Ticked with the flattery, like a fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, 'now you little rascal, you've played the truant send to school, or you'll buy it.' Alas, thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal, was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers—begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter—thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who in private life a tyrant—methinks, look out good people, that fellow would set you turning a grindstone. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful—alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby.—Franklin.

ANSWER THIS!!

The Federal whigs have much to say about "coalitions" between Northern Democrat and Free Soilers.—Let them say if Millard Fillmore is not a Free Soiler? If so, and there is no paper with the slightest respect for truth that will deny it, was not the union of his name with that of Gen. Taylor on the Presidential ticket, a coalition of Whiggism and Hylism? Provisionism which is only another name for Free Soils? Is not Mr. Winthrop, Speaker of the House, a Wilnot Proviso man, that is, a Free Soiler? If so, was not this election to that high and responsible office by whig votes, among which were those of every whig member from Tennessee, a coalition between Whiggery and Free Soil?

Are not Messrs. John M. Clayton Secretary of State and Mr. Meredith Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Collamer, Postmaster General, and Mr. Ewing Secretary of the Home Department, occupying the most important offices in the cabinet, Provisionists or Free Soilers? If so, was not their appointment a coalition between whiggery and Free Soil?

Is not Mr. Webster a free soiler? Is not Mr. Seward a free soiler? Is not Mr. Corwin a free soiler? In fact, is not every leading Whig politician and every whig press at the North and North west Free Soil advocates? And is not Henry Clay and Cassius M. Clay, in the South, Free Soil?

The federal whig party. The history of the whig party is easily proven. It has made nothing but intermarriages, and its consanguinity can be traced to a certainty. Here are dates, names, and the changes:

1773, Nova Scotia Cow Boys.
1789, Black Cockades.
1808, Anti-Jeffersonian Imp. men.
1811, Bank Men.
1812, Peace and Submission Men.
1813, Blue Lights.
1814, Hartford Conventionists.
1816, Washington Ben. Society Men.
1818, No-Party Men.
1820, Federal Republicans.
1825, Anti-Masons.
1834, Anti-Masonic Whigs.
1836, Conservatives.
1837, Independent Dem. whigs.
1840, Log Cabin & Hard Cider Men.
1843, Native American Whigs.
1844, Coon Party.
1845, The War Party.
1846, The Mexican Whig Party.
1847, The Anti-War Party.
1848, The Taylor Party.
1849, The Spoils Party.
[Boston Post.

Whig Cant—"The man of Peace."

There is no end to whig cant and humbuggery. The organs of that party have rung the changes upon the "Second Washington," until the whole country laughs at the imposture. Now the "humane" President whom they denounced as a "murderer" and "a journeyman throat-cutter," while he was putting their Mexican friends to the sword, is set up as "the man of peace." The National Intelligencer cannot publish his recent proclamation against the supposed Cuba expedition, without denouncing his namby-pamby disgraceful cant. What has General Taylor done, or rather the Secretary of State done, more than it was his duty to do, in issuing such proclamation, if he believed the facts would warrant it? He was bound not only by the laws of his country, but of nations, to do it. And yet, for doing a plain act of duty, which any President would have done under circumstances justifying it, he must be dubbed a "man of peace." Have not the late elections taught these whig Boottians a particle of common sense? Has the humbug of the "Second Washington" accomplished any thing except to bring down ridicule upon the head of the simple-minded man who is made the butt of such execrable cant? We implore the whig press to treat their president with something like decency. Persuade him out of the ridiculous illusion that he is a "Second Washington," and do not fill the mind of the old soldier with the vain idea that he is, *par excellence*, "the man of peace." There has never been but one "man of peace" born in this world, and he was a man of truth, of courage, of wisdom, of humility, of purest virtue, of sublimest intellect, and withal a "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Do not profane the name of this more than human, by applying to Gen. Taylor epithets which are appropriate to him who was more than mortal. Do not overload General Taylor by any more of this obsequious and erroneous cant. It is full enough for him to carry about the sobriquet of "Second Washington," without being loaded down with any more such arrant humbuggery.

A passenger on one of the western steamboats recently, was landed near his home, on the shore, and as the boat was about to leave again, he bawled out:

Hallo, captain, there is something missing here.

What is it? ask the captain.

Hang me if I can recollect now! Let me see; here is all my—trunk, boxes, two dogs, gun, and—Oh! thunder! it's my wife and a little girl that are asleep in the cabin! I knew there was something!

When sorrow is asleep awake it not.

Friendship's like a cobbler's tie,

That joining two soles in unity;

But love is like the cobbler's awl,

That pierces through the sole and all